If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know the wind,
You can’t know the wind.
Our cold winds of winter cut right to the core,
Hot summer wind devils can blow down the door.
As children we know when we play any game
The wind will be there, yet we play just the same.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know the wind.

If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know the sky,
You can’t know the sky.
The bold prairie sky is clear, bright and blue,
Though sometimes cloud messages give us a clue.
Monstrous grey mushrooms can hint of a storm
Or painted pink feathers say goodbye to the warm.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know the sky.

If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know what’s flat,
You’ve never seen flat.
When travelers pass through across our great plain,
They all view our home, they all say the same:
“It’s simple and flat!” They’ve not learned to see,
The particular beauty that’s now part of me.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know what’s flat.

If you’re not from the prairie,
You’ve never heard the grass,
You’ve never heard grass.
In strong summer winds, the grains and grass bend
And sway to a dance that seems never to end.
It whispers its secrets—they tell of this land
And the rhythm of life played by nature’s own hand.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You’ve never heard grass.

So you’re not from the prairie,
And yet you know snow.
You think you know snow...
Blizzards bring danger, as legends have told,
In deep drifts we roughhouse, ignoring the cold.
At times we look out at great seas of white,
So bright is the sun that we squeeze our eyes tight.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know snow.

If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know our trees,
You can’t know our trees.
The trees that we know have taken so long,
To live through our seasons, to grow tall and strong.
They’re loved and they’re treasured, we watched as they grew,
We knew they were special—the prairie has few.
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know our trees.

Still, you’re not from the prairie,
And yet you know cold...
You say you’ve been cold?
Of all of those memories we share when we’re old,
None are more clear than that hard bitter cold.
You’ll not find among us a soul who can say:
“I’ve conquered the wind on a cold winter’s day.”
If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know the cold,
You’ve never been cold!

If you’re not from the prairie,
You don’t know me.
You just can’t know ME.
You see,
My hair’s mostly wind,
My eyes filled with grit,
My skin’s red or brown
My lips chapped and split.

I’ve lain on the prairie and heard grasses sigh.
I’ve stared at the vast open bowl of the sky.
I’ve seen all those castles and faces in clouds,
My home is the prairie, and I cry out loud.

If you’re not from the prairie, you can’t know my soul,
You don’t know our blizzards, you’ve not fought our cold.
You can’t know my mind, nor ever my heart,
Unless deep within you, there’s somehow a part...
A part of these things that I’ve said that I know,
The wind, sky and earth, the storms and the snow.
Best say you have—and then we’ll be one,
For we will have shared that same blazing sun.